In the Far Pacific

At the Birth of Nations

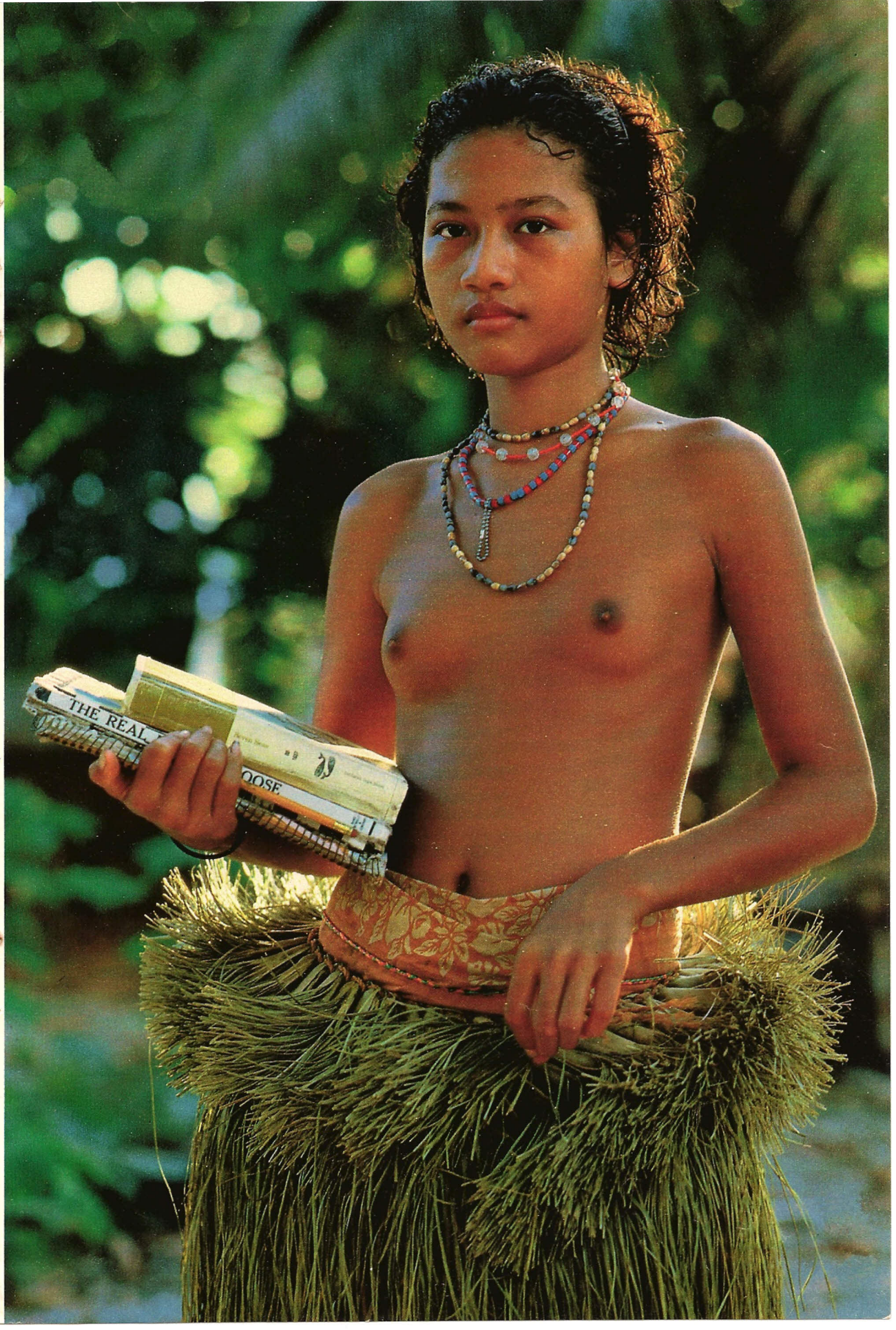
By CAROLYN BENNETT PATTERSON
FORMER SENIOR ASSISTANT EDITOR

Photographs by DAVID HISER
and MELINDA BERGE

New flags in the Pacific go on proud display (below) at Truk state's Xavier High School, still scarred by World War II shells. Traditions are kept on Yap state's island of Mogmog, where Western dress is discouraged (right). Such are the contrasts among three new nations and a commonwealth, sponsored by the United States of America, that now are about to step onto the world stage.

FLAGS SHOWN CLOCKWISE FROM 12 O'CLOCK: YAP STATE, TRUK STATE, REPUBLIC OF THE MARSHALL ISLANDS, POHNPEI STATE, REPUBLIC OF PALAU, AND THE REPUBLIC OF KIRIBATI, FORMERLY THE GILBERT ISLANDS, WHICH WERE NOT PART OF THE TRUST TERRITORY UNDER THE U. S.

BOTH BY DAVID HISER

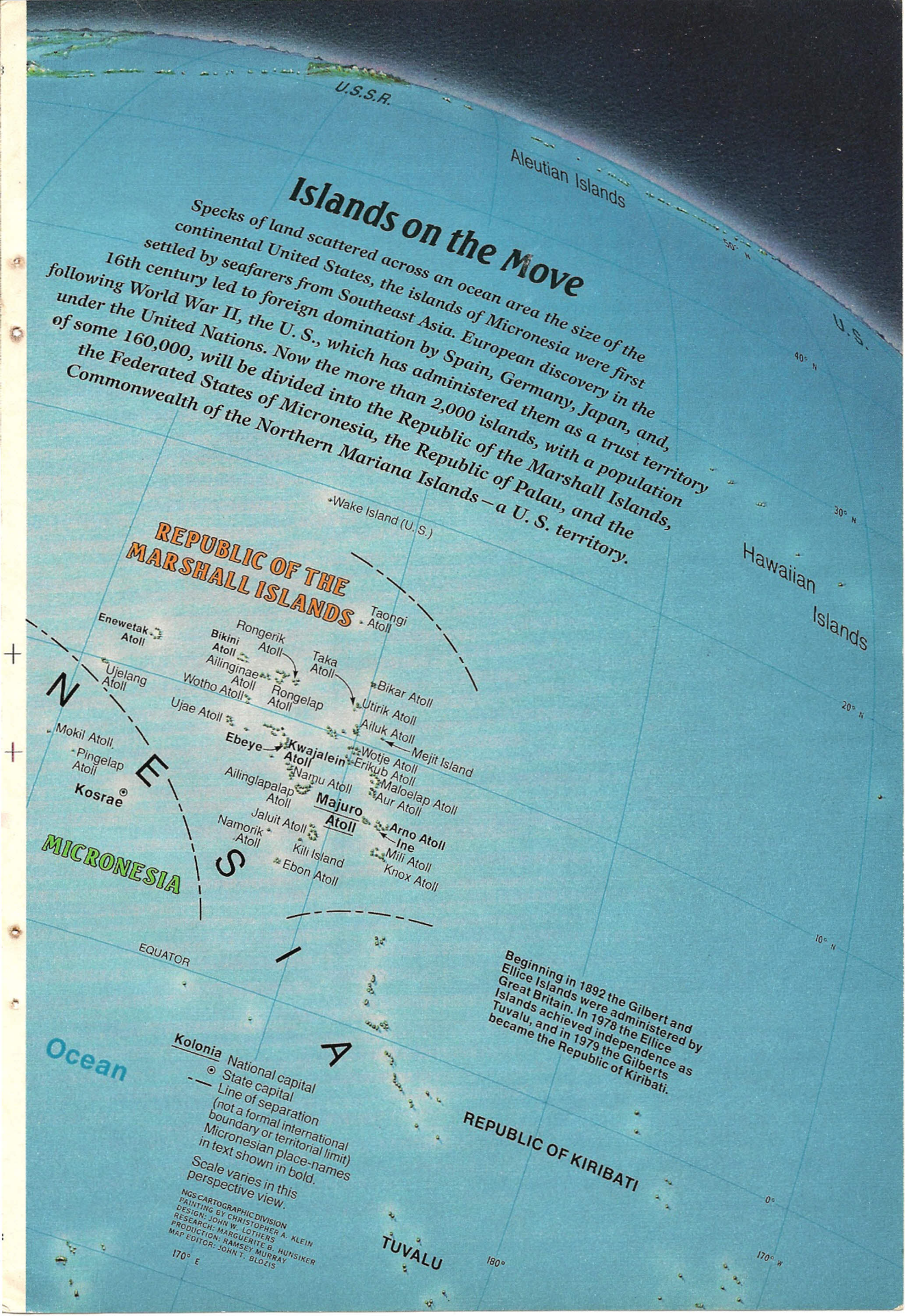

THE REAL

Maze of unsurpassed beauty, the Rock Islands of the Republic of Palau set tropical gardens atop coral ridges.

DAVID HISER

Speedboats carrying tourists, mostly Japanese, carve glass-clear waters filled with a fantasy of sea life.

JAPAN
North
Pacific
Ocean
CHINA
Taiwan
40° N
30° N
20° N
10° N
0°
10° S
COMMONWEALTH OF THE NORTHERN MARIANA ISLANDS
Maug Is.
Farallon de Pajaros
Asuncion
Agrihan
Pagan
Alamagan
Guguan
Sarigan
Anatahan
Farallon de Medinilla
Saipan
Aguijan
Tinian
Rota
Guam (U. S.)
PHILIPPINES
M I C R O
Ulithi Atoll
Mogmog
Yap Is.
Colonia
Ngulu Atoll
Gaferut
Faraulep Atoll
Pigailoe Atoll
Namonuito Atoll
Sorol Atoll
Woleai Atoll
Eauripik Atoll
Ulul
Puluwat Atoll
Pulap Atoll
Fayu
Hall Is.
Minto Reef
Moen
Truk Islands
Oroluk Atoll
Kolonia
Pohnpei (Ponape)
Ifalik Atoll
Elato Atoll
Satawal
Tamatam
Pulusuk
Etal Atoll
Dublon
Satawan Atoll
Lukunor Atoll
Ant Atoll
Ngatik Atoll
Nukuoro Atoll
Kapingamarangi Atoll
Palau Islands
Kayangel Is.
Babelthuap
Koror
Peleliu
Sonsorol Is.
Pulo Anna
Merir
Tobi
Helen Island
REPUBLIC OF PALAU (BELAU)
FEDERATED STATES OF
The Caroline Islands, stretching some 2,000 miles from Palau to Kosrae, are divided politically into the Republic of Palau and the Federated States of Micronesia.
INDONESIA
PAPUA NEW GUINEA
South Pacific
SOLOMON ISLANDS
AUSTRALIA
140°
150°
160°



Islands on the Move

Specks of land scattered across an ocean area the size of the continental United States, the islands of Micronesia were first settled by seafarers from Southeast Asia. European discovery in the 16th century led to foreign domination by Spain, Germany, Japan, and, following World War II, the U. S., which has administered them as a trust territory under the United Nations. Now the more than 2,000 islands, with a population of some 160,000, will be divided into the Republic of the Marshall Islands, the Federated States of Micronesia, the Republic of Palau, and the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands—a U. S. territory.

Beginning in 1892 the Gilbert and Ellice Islands were administered by Great Britain. In 1978 the Ellice Islands achieved independence as Tuvalu, and in 1979 the Gilberts became the Republic of Kiribati.

Kolonia National capital
◉ State capital
— Line of separation (not a formal international boundary or territorial limit)
Micronesian place-names in text shown in bold.
Scale varies in this perspective view.

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FROM THE SEA Puluwat is everyman's dream of paradise: an island set in the blue depths of the Pacific, ringed by a coral reef that encloses a crystal clear lagoon.

Ashore it looks like a garden, with towering coconut palms lining the broad sandy paths and great old breadfruit trees, their roots clutching the earth like gnarled fists, rising majestically above the green banana and taro patches.

And the people. The men bare to the sun save for their *thus,* a bright swath of cotton stretched tight between the legs and tied around the waist with loose ends swinging. The women in long skirts, their breasts uncovered, bending low in obeisance whenever they meet older males. The youngest children, naked.

It was like this on Puluwat, one of the Caroline Islands, 18 years ago when the people held a feast to bid 21-year-old John Uruo farewell. Related by blood and extended family to most of the islanders, John at his leave-taking drew a large crowd, who brought to the feast homegrown bounty—roast pig, fried fish, boiled breadfruit, taro root and leaf cooked in coconut milk, small sweet bananas, and coconut wine.

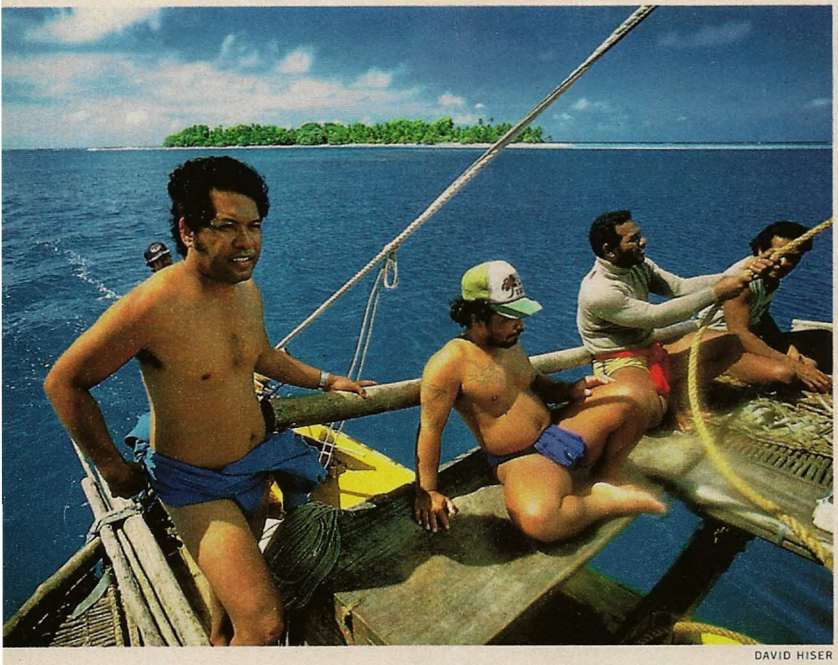
After the elders' speeches John rose. "I go to jump over the wall," he said.

The wall John went to leap was figurative, built of conditions that separated him and fellow islanders from today's world—isolation, poor health care and education, and few financial resources. In good health, John had a plan to overcome the others. He would go to college in the United States—the first from his island to do so.

Aided by a scholarship, John succeeded. He graduated from Minnesota's Bemidji State University, married an American girl, and eventually returned to Truk in the Federated States of Micronesia, where I met him. There he serves the governor as a municipal affairs officer, in an area that includes his home island of Puluwat. Having jumped over the wall himself, John Uruo now helps others do the same.

Recently I spent nearly three months among three Pacific island groups known as the Marshalls, the Carolines, and the Northern Marianas, in a part of the world called Micronesia. The islands sprinkle a vast ocean kingdom about the size of the continental United States but with less land area than the state of Rhode Island and a population of only 160,000.

Today the islands are emerging into the light of self-government, taking their places on the world stage after nearly 40 years as a trust territory administered by the United



DAVID HISER

Man of two worlds, *John Uruo, left, pilots an outrigger sailing canoe on a visit to his home island of Puluwat in Truk state. Some 18 years ago he left Puluwat for college in the United States, believing that he was leaping over a wall to the modern world. Today, as a municipal affairs officer for the governor of Truk, he helps such islands as Puluwat in the struggle for a better life. John's American wife and two teenage daughters live mostly in the U. S. because he wants the girls to be educated there.*

States under United Nations auspices. In May the United Nations Trusteeship Council recommended to dissolve this last trusteeship. The dissolution now awaits a Security Council vote, which will formalize the new arrangements.

Under new flags, the Marshalls in the east and Palau, a group of islands in the western Carolines, have voted to be republics, while the other islands in the chain have united as the Federated States of Micronesia—Kosrae, Pohnpei, Truk, and Yap.

Although self-governing, all three nations are to be closely tied to the United States by a compact of free association, an arrangement unprecedented in U. S. constitutional practice. Under the compact the U. S. will apportion among the three a total of 2.7 billion dollars, including adjustment for inflation, over a period of 15 years. (Palau's compact, presently being contested in Palau's Supreme Court, would run for 50 years but after the 15th year would be funded out of a 70-million-dollar investment fund.) In addition the U. S will continue to provide airline and airport-safety services, public health and weather prediction, currency, an international postal service, and disaster relief.

For the Republic of the Marshall Islands, where on Bikini and Enewetak Atolls nuclear devices were tested from 1946 to 1958, the U. S. has agreed to set up a 150-million-dollar trust fund to benefit islanders affected by the tests.*

Finally, the United States assumes all responsibility for the defense of the three states, asking in exchange that they remain closed to the military forces of other nations unless the U. S. agrees otherwise.

The fourth group in the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands—the Northern Mariana Islands—elected an even closer bond with the U. S., the status of a commonwealth. Its residents receive regular benefits from a wide range of U. S. government agencies, and their territorial government is given financial grants for special needs. Ultimately they will become U. S. citizens.

EVERYWHERE on my travels I looked for such walls as John had leapt and found many still standing. Others are crumbling, and some have disappeared. But I found that I too had to jump over a wall, the wall of my own ignorance about the area.

Pipe-smoking and patient, Sam McPhetres came to my aid. Archivist for the trust territory government, he recounted how the islands were settled in prehistory by intrepid peoples who sailed there from Southeast Asia. After the region's discovery by Europeans—Magellan came through in the 1520s—trouble followed. Spain, claiming everything, lost everything in the Spanish-American War of 1898. The United States took Guam and the Philippines as territories; Spain sold the other islands to Germany, which lost them to Japan in the early days of World War I.

Under a League of Nations mandate, Japan energetically colonized and cultivated the islands until World War II, when the United States got them the hard way, with the lives of its fighting men. In 1947 the U. S. Navy set about administering the islands as a United Nations trust territory; the U. S. Department of the Interior took over the administration in 1951.

"But it was not quite that simple," said Sam. "Having fought our way across the Pacific, island by bloody island, our country wanted to be sure they would never again be used against us. The territory was declared a 'strategic trust,' a status that gave us the right to fortify it with military bases and close off certain areas if necessary.

"In fact," said Sam, "we're sitting in one of those once closed-off areas right now." His office in Saipan, the administrative center of the trust territory and capital of the Northern Marianas, was built in the 1950s by the Navy for the Central Intelligence Agency as part of a supersecret complex for training Chinese Nationalist troops to operate inside the Communist-ruled homeland.

The Kwajalein Missile Range in the Republic of the Marshall Islands is another case in point. With the 600 native people moved out, "Kwaj" harbors 3,000 American civilians in a 900-acre setting that most resembles a golfing condominium complex in, say, the state of Florida (pages 472-3).

But the purpose of the island's development is far from frivolous. Situated at one end of the world's largest atoll, Kwaj is the

*See "Bikini—A Way of Life Lost," by William S. Ellis, in the June 1986 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF THE NORTHERN

MARIANA ISLANDS

Candidate for addition to the U. S., the Northern Marianas have elected to be a commonwealth, with full U. S. citizenship.

*But economically the Northern Marianas look to Japan to support the chief industry, tourism. On Saipan, Japanese visitors (**facing page**) stand atop seaside Banzai Cliff, where hundreds of Japanese soldiers and civilians leapt to their death rather than be captured by Americans in 1944. Prayers adorn wooden memorials (**right**) on nearby Suicide Cliff, where hundreds more died.*

*An American visitor excited attention last year. Flag-waving youngsters (**below**) gather to welcome Vice President George Bush.*

ALL BY MELINDA BERGE

Pacific terminus of a U. S. missile range, where experts measure the splashdown accuracy of ballistic rockets fired from Vandenberg Air Force Base, 4,500 miles away in California. The facility is expected to play an important part should President Reagan's "Star Wars" technology go forward.

For the use of Kwajalein and the other islands in the missile range, the United States pays a rent of more than 10 million dollars a year. The money goes to the Republic of the Marshall Islands, chiefly for transmittal to 5,000 landowners, most of whom live on nearby Ebeye. Many work on Kwajalein, commuting to some 600 jobs there.

"SLUM OF THE PACIFIC," I had heard Ebeye called, but, even so, I was unprepared for its squalor when I arrived at dusk from Kwaj. Along a pocked asphalt lane, houses of sheet metal and cinder block crowded wall-to-wall with no space for grass or trees. Bands of children, some mere toddlers, ranged the street, their only playground on the 78-acre island where 8,000 people live (pages 474-5). Spotting me, the youngsters crowded around, incessantly calling "Hello."

The next day I visited the hospital and met the public health nurse. To the question "How are things?" she answered: "How can I make a progress report to the United Nations when there is no progress? We need help! Today, for example, we have no insulin." A serious matter when at least a third of the adult population on Ebeye, as elsewhere in urban areas of the Marshalls, have diabetes, due to genetics and diet.

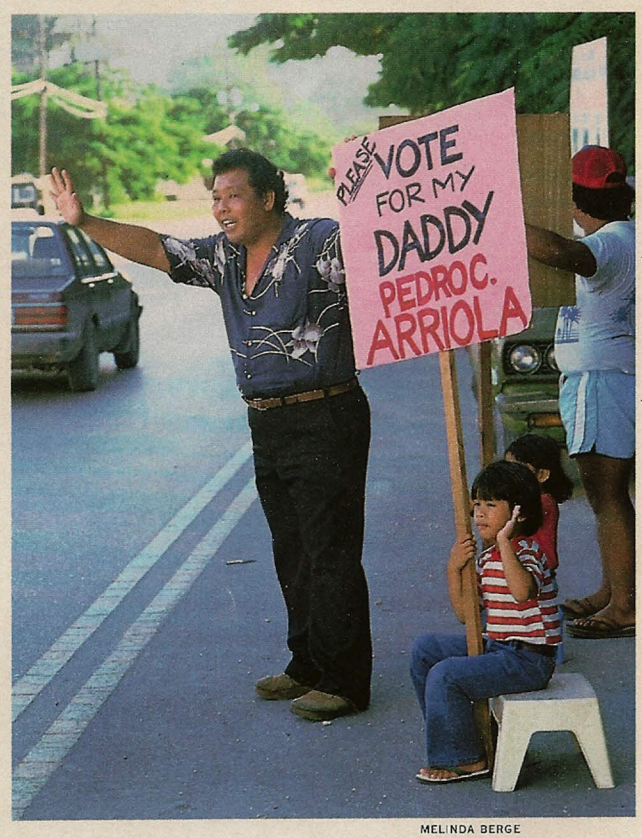
Making the steamy rounds of the several dimly lit, unair-conditioned, and expensive grocery stores, I found Ebeye lacked other things: fresh meat and fish, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables. In the freezer of the largest store there were only a few chickens and two cans of orange juice.

The next day I strolled about neighboring Kwajalein, where the banning of passenger cars gives streets over to the pleasantries of bicycles and foot traffic. The shops were filled with the plenty of their stateside counterparts. And as with U. S. military commissaries worldwide, they were off-limits to the natives who work on the base.

I noted three playing fields on Kwaj, a bowling alley, swimming pool, and golf course. The bulletin board announced the Commodore's Ball up at the Yacht Club, $17.50 a person for cocktails, petit filet mignon, and dancing under the stars.

I was glad my fellow Americans had such a good life on Kwajalein. But I wondered about the stark contrast on Ebeye. So I put some questions to various officials: Why the terrible crowding? It's due, they say, to the traditions of the people and their belief in the extended family. For example, if you are in need and a relative is getting rent money or good wages from Uncle Sam, you move in with the relative.

And why no insulin in the hospital? From Majuro, capital of the Republic of the Marshall Islands, the secretary of health services sends word: "Ebeye never out of insulin."



MELINDA BERGE

Hitching a vote, *the daughter of Pedro C. Arriola helps daddy win a seat in the legislature. During a general election last year, American-style politics swept Saipan like a tidal wave, bringing massive rallies with free beer and food, blaring loudspeakers, and posters that papered every vista.*

Other officials agreed. Who to believe?

High prices and poor selection of food? It is explained that the merchants on Majuro supply Ebeye's shops and don't appreciate subsidized U. S. competition from Kwaj.

And what about the scant water and electricity? I'm told that new plants will be finished this year.

Shortly after I left the Marshall Islands, the U. S. use agreements on Kwaj expired, and some of the landowners occupied several islands on the missile range, asserting their right to the land and demanding significantly increased rent and direct negotiations with the U. S.

During that uncertain period, the U. S. Congress enacted the Compact of Free Association, which will provide to the Marshall Islands government nearly 400 million dollars over 30 years for payment to the Kwajalein landowners in direct income and for projects. Their development plan calls for a causeway to link Ebeye to six other islands, new roads, elementary schools, a high school, renovated housing, and a new dock.

Hope for Ebeye rises as the walls that enclose it promise to fall.

ALTHOUGH EBEYE is in the worst-case category, its problems are shared to some extent throughout the trust territory. Despite an immense flow of American money, effort, and goodwill, many islands still suffer from a shortage of water and power, poor to nonexistent roads, struggling educational systems, meager public services, few job opportunities, limited natural resources, and, at the top of the list, inadequate health care. Much blame must be laid to the region's geography, especially difficult when it comes to delivering adequate health services.

In the Marshall Islands, as elsewhere, every island is supposed to have a health aide, operating out of a well-equipped dispensary, with access to a radio in the event of an emergency. In a life-or-death situation a patient is picked up by boat or plane, if possible, and taken to the nearest hospital, often hundreds of miles away, or to Hawaii.

The bill can be astronomical. And it is paid for by the government. The Republic of the Marshall Islands is going broke trying to meet the cost of modern medicine. When I was in Majuro, it was reported in the press that the republic's department of health had overspent its budget, and that all other departments would be cut to provide the necessary funds.

I asked President Amata Kabua about the story, and, sadly, he admitted that it was true. "But what are we to do?" he appealed to me. "We are a Christian nation. We can't simply allow people to die when doctors in Honolulu can save their lives."

The Marimed Foundation, established by two altruistic Bostonians, Dr. Lonny Higgins, a gynecologist, and her lawyer husband, David, expects to address this very problem with its specially designed sailing ship, equipped with the latest in medical technology. The Higginses plan to enlist doctors and nurses for limited volunteer service. Sailing among the islands, they will use their diagnostic, surgical, and treatment skills, while teaching preventive medicine.

I accompanied the Higginses on a medical excursion to Arno Atoll, a three-hour motorboat trip from Majuro. We arrived at Ine at twilight, but already a huge full moon had risen, creamy white in a gray-blue void. Lonny's supplies went from our motorboat to a rowboat and finally into our arms as we waded ashore through the gentle surf.

A 15-minute stroll down a rutted lane brought us to the dispensary, where we discovered that the health aide was off-island, taking a refresher course in Majuro.

The dispensary was far from clean. The refrigerator didn't function for lack of electric power on the island. The broken toilet was useful only with water supplied by a bucket. The few supplies included a cream for burns, a clamp for an umbilical cord, test tapes for diabetes, vitamins for pregnancy. The single bed even lacked a mattress.

My husband, Pat, and I headed for the beach, where we unrolled our mats and slept under a full moon. Then about 3:30 a.m. we awoke in eerie darkness. Totally unexpected to us, with the impact of a miracle, there was a magnificent full eclipse of the moon.

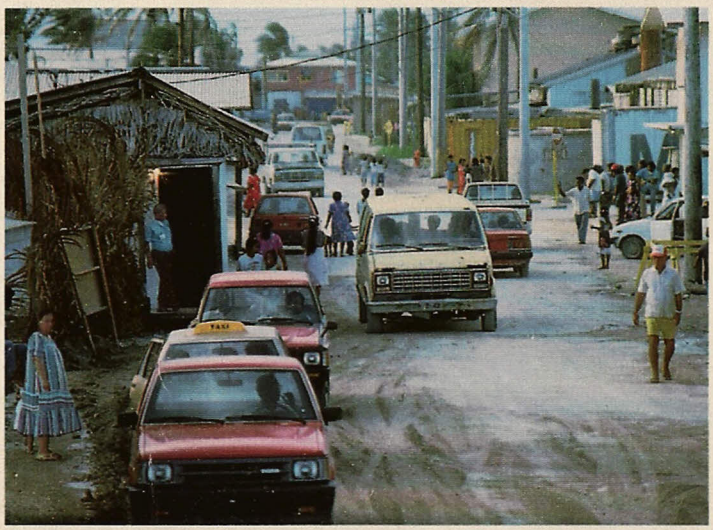
The next day, stripped to the waist in the terrible heat, David Higgins scrubbed down the dispensary walls while Lonny drew simple, colorful pictures of the human reproductive organs as a way of teaching her patients. Then they *(Continued on page 476)*

REPUBLIC OF THE

MARSHALL ISLANDS

Oceanic bull's-eye, Kwajalein Atoll is the target for rockets ***(above)*** *launched 4,500 miles away in California. The 3,000 Americans on the 900-acre island* ***(right)****—mostly civilians employed by private contractors to the U. S. Army Strategic Defense Command—enjoy such amenities as the supermarket dubbed "Surfway"* ***(below)****. Some 8,000 Marshallese, many commuting to jobs on "Kwaj" by boat, occupy 78-acre Ebeye (distant island,* ***right****). The U. S. pays more than 10 million dollars a year for use of the Kwajalein land.*

U. S. ARMY STRATEGIC DEFENSE COMMAND (TOP); MELINDA BERGE



Pollution in paradise, *junk overwhelms a beach on crowded Ebeye (**above**). People flock to the island because the Marshallese tradition of extended family obligates an islander with good wages or rent money to care for less fortunate relatives. Ebeye's busy main street (**left**) contrasts with Kwaj, where private vehicles are forbidden. The U. S. is financing an intensive program to improve living conditions on Ebeye.*

Free lunch *for senior citizens in Majuro, capital of the Republic of the Marshall Islands, reflects a weakening of the extended family that in earlier times would have provided for its own elderly.*

Western-style education, where long hours in the classroom preempt time once spent in traditional pursuits, tends to break down the heritage of island culture. Few young men of Majuro, for example, now know how to sail an outrigger canoe.

ALL BY MELINDA BERGE

(Continued from page 471) began arriving.

That day, assisted by three women who had come with us from Majuro—a public health nurse, a social worker, and Jinnie deBrum, a Marshallese member of the Marimed Board—Dr. Lonny Higgins examined 27 women. She discovered a pelvic mass, a thyroid abnormality, and several bleeding disorders. Of 27 Pap smears taken to Hawaii for testing, six signaled follow-up tests.

And that night another seeming miracle transpired. As darkness fell, we heard singing and saw a procession of lanterns swinging down the road. The island chief and a laughing crowd of women and children had come bearing gifts of bananas, fish, pork, and breadfruit. And time slipped away in dancing, singing, and speeches from a host of grateful hearts.

MOVING EVER WEST, we flew to Kosrae, one of the four Federated States of Micronesia, where in the 19th century diseases brought by traders and American whalers nearly wiped out the native community. Incidentally, I was told that the seagoing visitors of that day so habitually uttered a certain four-letter expletive that islanders gave all white people the name "ohshits."

When the Congregational missionaries arrived, Kosraeans flocked to Christianity. Now the church, clinging to past-century strictness, is Kosrae's most powerful force. Women are modestly clothed—bathing suits are too risqué, even for visitors—and Sundays are strictly for churchgoing.

The American presence today appears beneficial, as we saw upon arrival on Kosrae's enormous new jet runway (pages 478-9), a legacy of the trusteeship and big enough for 727s, although such planes have yet to be scheduled through Kosrae.

We were met by Madison Nena, Kosrae's 34-year-old director of tourism, and Christopher O'Connor, a 25-year-old Peace Corps volunteer assigned to develop tourism. Slender and dark with a neatly trimmed mustache, Chris, a hotelier, came to Kosrae from New York City's Waldorf Astoria, where he worked in guest services.

Aside from the island's beauty the major sight is the Leluh ruins, whose huge stone walls, canals, and kings' tombs speak of a highly developed culture that flourished 500 years ago. Teddy John, Kosrae's historic preservation director, guided us through the jumble of stone, still in private hands and littered with beer cans.

A burly man with black hair and beard, Teddy spoke with deep regret about the condition of the ruins and of his hope that the government could buy the land and stabilize the stone structures. "When I was a boy, water still flowed through the canals, and I could dive off the walls," Teddy told us. "If

DAVID HISER

Tears flow *as a Civic Action Team "Doc" on Yap investigates an injured foot. Composed of men from the United States Army, Navy, and Air Force, Civic Action Teams regularly spend several months on duty in the Federated States of Micronesia, responding to needs identified by the state governments. They build bridges and roads, repair buildings, improve playgrounds, entertain with free movies, and provide medical care.*

we could dredge the canals, we could make the place look like the old days."

When Leluh was at its height, the king and high chiefs owned all the land and lived with their servants in this city of more than a hundred walled compounds. The compounds of royalty were used for burial as well as worship of Kosraean gods.

"Those gods must have been really powerful," Teddy said with a smile, "because Kosraean legend claims that magic moved these stones, since the people had no machines to transport such heavy material."

Teddy invited us to dinner at his two-room, concrete-floored home, where we met his wife, nine children, and a lively group of Americans, mostly government advisers, who like to hang out at Teddy's. Teddy is an admiring listener to the swirling conversation. "I learn so much every night," he told me. He is, in fact, an intellectual but is too innocent and modest to discern it.

Thirteen Americans on the island are in the U. S. Army, part of a Civic Action Team. They live at spick-and-span Camp Wilbur L. Trahan and work on civic projects such as road and bridge construction, government buildings, and school playgrounds. Everybody is invited to their monthly outdoor movies. Hundreds find help from "Doc," their medical corpsman.

The team's Doc, Sgt. Leonard Resler from Boulder City, Nevada, explained: "Each Civic Action Team stays for six months, and we're getting ready to pull out, but I am grateful for this experience. I have the feeling that we have really helped."

THE SAME FEELING prevails at The Village, a hotel in Pohnpei that employs some 50 neighbors to serve guests in but 21 rooms. By employing a large staff only part-time, the innovative American owner-managers, Bob and Patti Arthur, run a first-class hotel while recognizing native habits and traditions.

"The people here value their leisure time," said Patti. "They also need time for their pattern of living. A funeral, for example, takes four days."

The Village demonstrates how tourism might proceed in today's Micronesia. Built on a hillside, the hotel rises in a tropical garden with an open-sided dining, bar, and lobby area. Positioned for privacy, thatch-roofed guest cottages are screened to permit the full sweep of Pacific breezes.

The island's town, Kolonia, is capital of the state of Pohnpei as well as capital of the Federated States of Micronesia. Although a new FSM capitol building is in the planning stage, the seat of government at present is in the remodeled Navy hospital, a one-story frame left from the 1940s. The national congress meets in the old operating room; the president's office was the children's ward.

Calling on President Tosiwo Nakayama, I learned the story of his life—another tale of walls and extraordinary effort to scale them. Nakayama's father was a Japanese businessman sent to Truk before World War II. He married a girl from the island of Ulul in the Namonuito Atoll.

When the Pacific war broke out, the family, now with several children, settled on Dublon in Truk Lagoon, Japanese headquarters. It was from Dublon, at the age of nine, that young Tosiwo heard the "ominous, incessant, ever louder drone" of the U. S. airplanes that sank a Japanese fleet of 60 naval and cargo vessels.*

At the end of the war the United States sent home all the Japanese nationals living in Micronesia, including the elder Nakayama. Deprived of his father, the young Tosiwo took on the responsibility of his family. He went to work and earned enough money to take his mother and sisters back to her relatives on Ulul. Only then, at 16, did Tosiwo voice his ambition: "I want to go to school." He had never spent a day in a classroom up to that time.

Nakayama eventually went to the University of Hawaii on a U. S. government scholarship, where the quality of his mind and personality attracted attention, and he was set on the track of leadership.

What kind of influences shaped the young Nakayama, I wondered. I decided to visit the island of his mother's people, Ulul—a resolve that sent me on the unforgettable voyage of the *Micro Dawn*.

All the outer islands in Micronesia are supposed to be regularly served by such ships, sent by the various governments to deliver supplies *(Continued on page 486)*

*See "Life Springs From Death in Truk Lagoon," by Sylvia A. Earle, in the May 1976 GEOGRAPHIC.

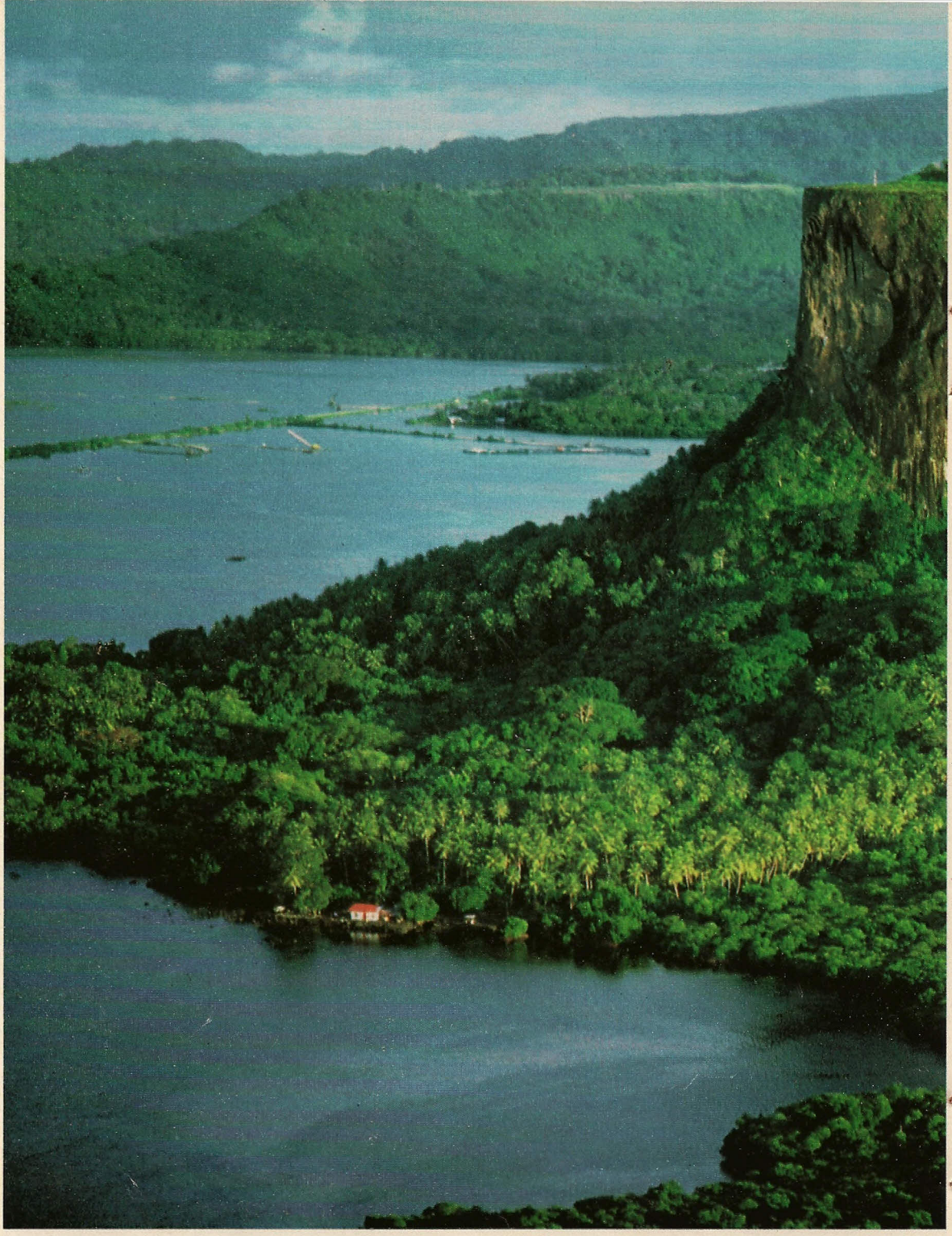
KOSRAE

*Built with American dollars, a runway (**below**) long enough for large jets is the gateway to the state of Kosrae, but at present a 16-passenger propeller plane is the biggest aircraft that regularly serves the island, one of the largest in the trust territory. Five hundred years ago the tribes on the island united under a powerful king and built Leluh, a city of more than a hundred basalt-walled compounds threaded by canals. There the king, his servants, and a few nobles lived off the labor of commoners, who farmed and fished.*

With the coming of the Europeans, that way of life ended. Diseases brought by whalers and copra traders so ravaged the islanders that at one time only 300 people were counted. Congregational missionaries converted the entire population, and religion is now the chief force ordering social life.

*On the economic side Kosrae, noted for its fine tangerines, limes, and oranges, promises to become the vegetable and fruit basket of the Pacific (**right**). A project is under way to restore giant clams, once plentiful, to the surrounding reef, using juveniles raised in the Micronesian Mariculture Development Center in Palau. And with the ruins of Leluh as an attraction, tourism is viable.*

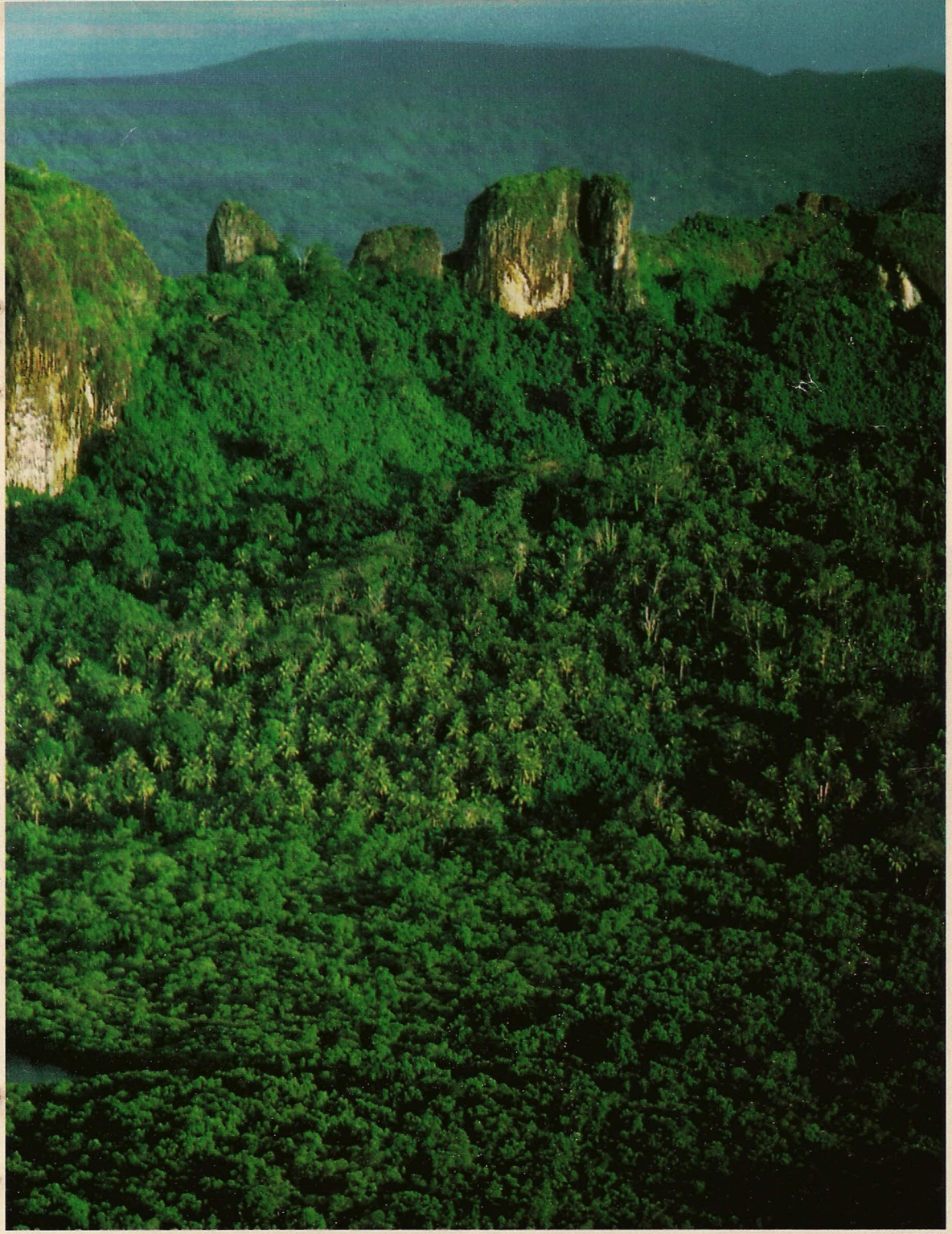
BOTH BY MELINDA BERGE



FEDERATED STATES OF MICRONESIA

POHNPEI

"Diamond Head of Micronesia," the volcanic plug known as Sokehs Rock helps guide ships to Pohnpei's harbor. The island's tortuous terrain and heavy rainfall contributed to the U. S. military decision to bypass the island during World War II, thus sparing



MELINDA BERGE

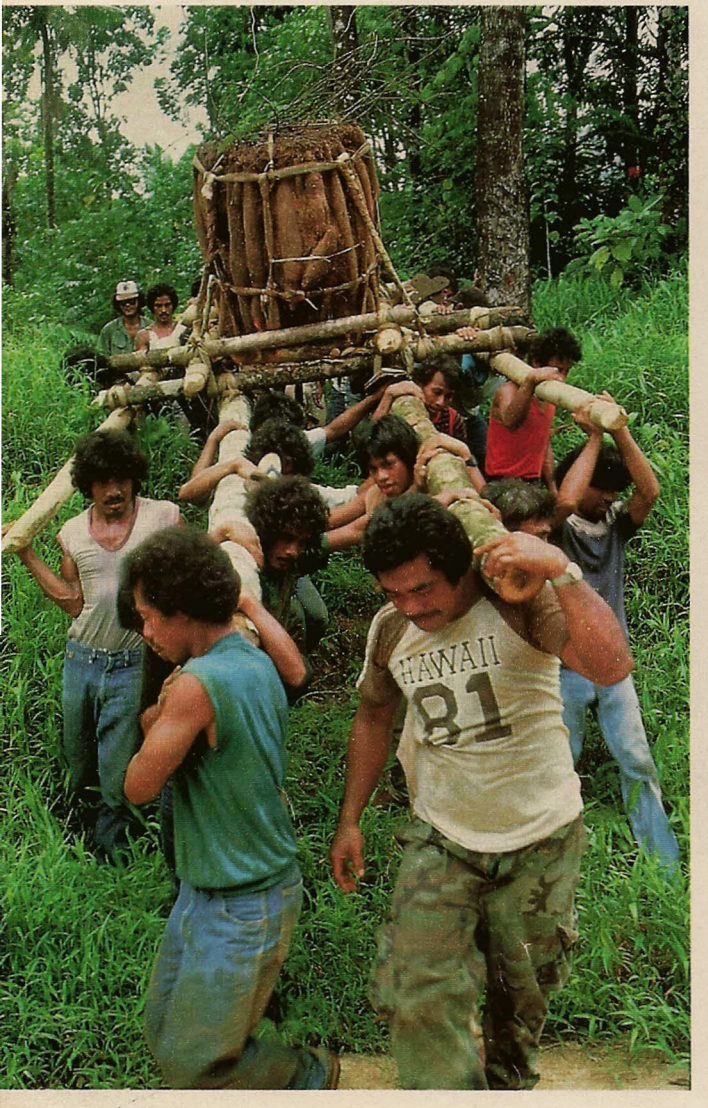
it the ravages of combat. Torrential rains continue to play a beneficent role in the life of Pohnpei, nourishing its lush foliage and floral displays and feeding the countless waterfalls that keep the sound of rushing water often in earshot.

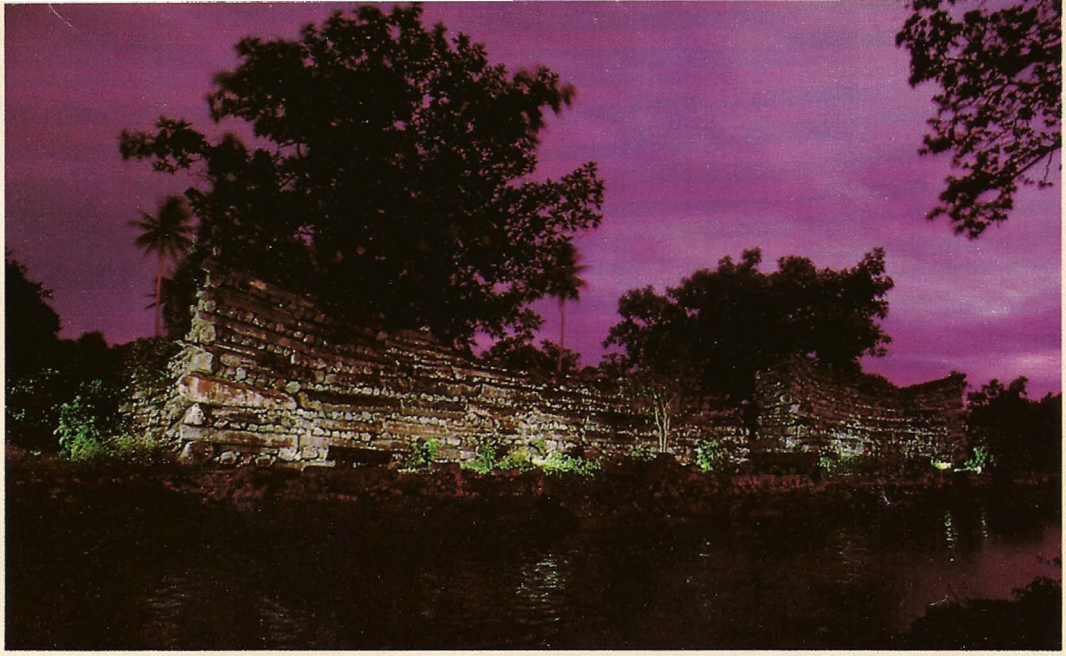
President Tosiwo Nakayama of the Federated States of Micronesia often decries the underdeveloped state of his nation. "Alas," he told the author, "we have no bargaining chips to get more aid for development, because the FSM has nothing the American military wants." But he added, "That's not all bad either."

The way of death *on Pohnpei speaks to a way of life steeped in family care, traditional values, and long-revered ceremonies. The body of 80-year-old Tadius Fricht (**below right**) lies in state at his home on Mwahnd Island, a reef just off Pohnpei, as the women of his family keep vigil. Money on his casket is contributed as a token of respect. Although Mr. Fricht will be buried within 24 hours of death because of the island's hot climate, other gifts demonstrating respect will pile up at his home throughout the four-day funeral feast. Most are gifts of food, such as pig, taro, dog—regarded as a delicacy on Pohnpei—and yams.*

*This 1,500-pound yam (**below**), in a cradle borne by 25 men, was grown especially for funeral use. With the feasting, Pohnpeians drink* sakau, *a slimy, mildly narcotic beverage made from the root of a pepper plant pounded into pulp and strained through hibiscus fiber. After the funeral, in the tradition of sharing, the leftover food is divided and sent home with the mourners.*

*Although mostly Christians, many of the people of Pohnpei still revere the 700-year-old ruins of Nan Madol (**right**), an immense complex of 93 man-made islets walled by "logs" of basalt, that spread across 150 acres. Its canals still filled with water, this Venice of the Pacific is similar to Leluh on Kosrae but less damaged by time. Nan Madol has been declared a U. S. National Historic Landmark as an aid to its preservation. Here the last light of day lingers on part of the city's outer wall, a shield before a burial vault of Nan Madol's kings.*





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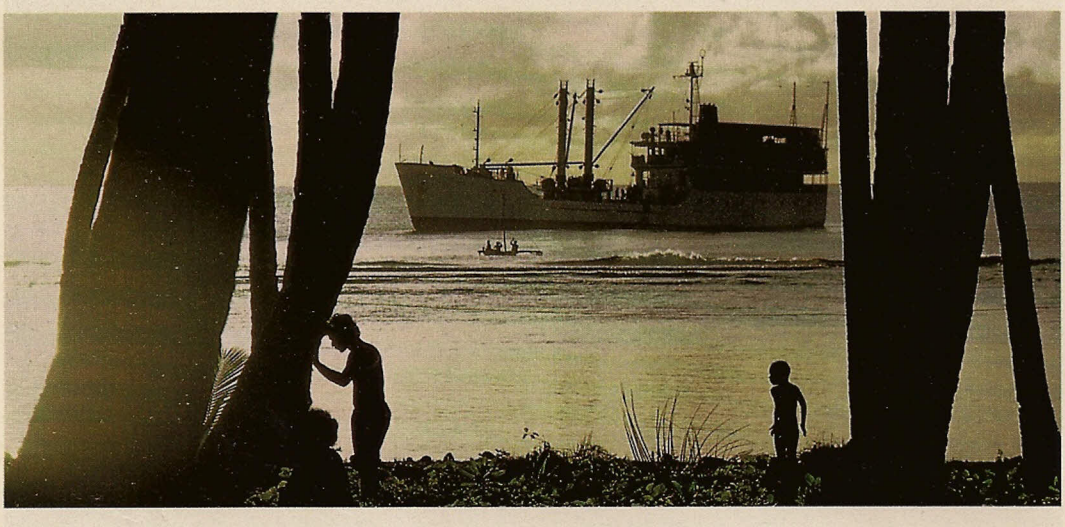


FEDERATED STATES OF MICRONESIA

TRUK

*Only link to the outside world, save for radio, the Micro Dawn rides the swells off Pulusuk (**above**). Such government ships irregularly sail from Moen, capital of Truk state, to its various islands, bringing food, supplies, and services. They pick up copra and handicrafts made for sale by the islanders.*

*Outrigger canoes once carried commerce between islands but are now used for lightering cargo, local fishing, or simply for pleasure. Canoe building is still an art on Puluwat (**below**), where Aidnor Bisalen uses an adz to fashion a 14-foot vessel from a breadfruit log. The secrets of canoe building are closely held and passed from father to son.*

*Change exacts a heavy price in Truk state, which has one of the world's highest suicide rates for males from 15 to 24. Authorities cite anger and fear of shaming the family as the major causes. The family of Atarino Pau, a 24-year-old suicide, gathers atop his tomb (**right**) near the family home.*

ALL BY DAVID HISER

REST IN PEACE
PAU ATARINO
APRIL 14, 1958
Winston

(Continued from page 477) and people and pick up island produce—copra, woven mats, handmade rope, and the like. The trips last from one to three weeks, depending on distance.

Sam McPhetres warned me: "*All* field trips are late getting off, *all* take longer than expected, and there is no regular schedule." On a tight schedule myself, I had hoped for a one-week trip out of Moen, the capital of Truk, and was assured that I would have it. Sam volunteered to go along. And the governor of Truk assigned John Uruo to accompany us, my first meeting with the young man from Puluwat. Things looked good.

ON THE SAILING DAY we moved on board the *Micro Dawn* and watched it being loaded. Into the forward cargo hold went the stock for island customers to buy after they had acquired some cash from the sale of their copra. Into the main hold went box after box of canned goods and other foodstuffs from the United States: sweet potatoes, peaches, evaporated milk, soy sauce, mixed vegetables, shortening, green beans, and huge bags of rice, flour, and sugar—much of it destined for the school-lunch program.

Then came the passengers, the men in their *thus* with sleeping mats and lethal-looking machetes; the women with coconut-frond-wrapped parcels of food and bags of coconuts for drinking; the children, racing madly around the ship.

The cabin passengers were a dedicated little band of government people working to bring some services to the islands: two educators testing students, a nutritionist checking on school food programs, a health officer examining needs of the handicapped, and a young American physician, Dr. Don Preston, a graduate of Oregon Health Sciences University serving in the Public Health Service, accompanied by a health aide. They would inoculate the infants and tackle any medical problem that arose.

Another cabin passenger, Father John Fahey, a Jesuit, joined us at railside. He ministers to the people of Pulap, Tamatam, Puluwat, and Pulusuk, an island group in Truk state collectively called the Westerns.

"But isn't the *Micro Dawn* going to Namonuito?" I inquired. "Yes, but *after* the Westerns," replied the priest. And sure enough, that night we sailed for Pulap, home island of the ship's captain.

I tried to see things as philosophically as Father Fahey, who laughingly explained: "Out here we are constantly faced with either a crisis or an emergency. We are often chagrined but not surprised."

We stayed at Pulap four days, living out a pattern that would repeat itself at each stop. Outside the island's encircling reef the *Micro Dawn* launched two deck boats with outboard motors that shuttled back and forth throughout the day.

We all went ashore, leaping from a ladder on the side of the ship into a small boat as it bobbed up and down in the heavy swells, hoping not to fall into the sea and attract the four enormous sharks that hung around the stern feeding on ship's garbage.

On the island the men loaded copra onto the boats while the women barbecued a delicacy, turkey tails, bought frozen from ship's stores. The doctor set up a clinic, and the government people went about their respective assignments.

We sailed for Tamatam, 15 minutes away, and spent another two days—a delay that killed any prospect of reaching the rest of the Westerns, much less Ulul, in the hoped-for span of a week. So, we radioed Moen to send a chartered boat to pick us up at Puluwat, the *Micro Dawn*'s next stop, and were told that a 40-foot fishing boat, *Miss Namonuito,* would come.

Then on to Puluwat, where John Uruo was clearly a star as the local boy who made good. He introduced me to Eric Sanford, a Peace Corps volunteer, who told me a story. After a 1982 cholera epidemic in Truk, a campaign to provide all the islanders with latrines got under way. Eric himself helped install 60 of them.

"I spoke to each family, emphasizing the importance of toilets to everyone's health," Eric said. "Yet today only 10 percent of the islanders use them." On the other hand, Eric also helped build 29 water catchment tanks and improve seven others, providing healthier drinking water and the frequent showers that everybody loves to take.

And the islanders are ambitious for their children. Although Truk state supports an elementary school on the island, junior and

senior high school students once had to go to Ulul for classes. To keep their early teenagers at home, Puluwat built the Puluwat Middle School, a cluster of cottages with thatched roofs, latticed walls, and sand for floors. Puluwat's own college graduates have returned to staff the school.

On our third day at Puluwat, the chartered boat *Miss Namonuito* finally turned up after having been lost. Since the boat's radio didn't function while the motor was running and the 26-year-old first-time captain failed to inspire confidence, we decided to stay with the *Micro Dawn,* despite whatever time it took.

After a stop at Pulusuk the *Micro Dawn* lost an engine as well as its radar and ran low on both food and water. Under the circumstances the captain decided to return directly to Moen to refit and resupply. We sailed into Truk's capital 11 days after leaving it. I never did get to President Nakayama's island of Ulul.

Tragedy of war *turns into a windfall. During World War II American aircraft sank a fleet of some 60 Japanese vessels in Truk Lagoon. The sunken ships entombed many of the possessions of the dead, while live coral and tropical fish gradually turned the graveyard into a choice destination for hundreds of scuba divers from around the globe. These shoes and a wine bottle may well have been set out by a guide for a diver to "discover," before being stored away for the next visitors to "find."*

DAVID HISER

But a footnote. A report came to me from Moen: "I thought you'd like to hear what you missed by not taking the *Miss Namonuito* back to Moen. Once more the crew got lost, and this time wound up in Ulul. Then they set out from Ulul and got lost again. At last radio report the captain was going to give up sailing. When we stopped by Ulul this trip to drop off the high school students, there was the *Miss Namonuito,* resigned to exile."

WHEN WE LEFT TRUK, we flew, of course, on Air Mike, the nickname for Continental/Air Micronesia, the only jet service linking all the new nations of Micronesia. But Air Mike is more than an airline, it is a lifeline. Dividing planes into cargo and passenger sections, it carries everything, including automobiles.

The airline's "island hopper" is a kind of trolley car of the Pacific, with the down-home flavor of the neighborhood streetcar. Stopping at island after island, the 727 picks up presidents and governors, missionaries and teachers, entrepreneurs and lawyers—all of whom know one another. To travel on Air Mike is like being at a party—daily evidence of how small the vast Pacific truly is.

For Air Mike's arrivals on Yap, the last of the four states of the Federated States of Micronesia that I would cover, the sense of party heightened. A crowd of Yapese, led by Governor John Mangefel, met the plane, to welcome incoming passengers and visit with those on-going, who invariably debark for just such talks during the short layover.

The air terminal is a metal-roofed shed divided by woven bamboo half walls. Its gift shop is a counter where trays of betel nuts are sold; a snack *(Continued on page 492)*

FEDERATED STATES OF MICRONESIA

YAP

No female eyes may watch these male dancers in the village of Omin on Yap as they dance out the erotic story of the capture of a young woman from another village and her fate in the men's house of her captors. Many people of Yap state, the most traditional of the islands of

DAVID HISER

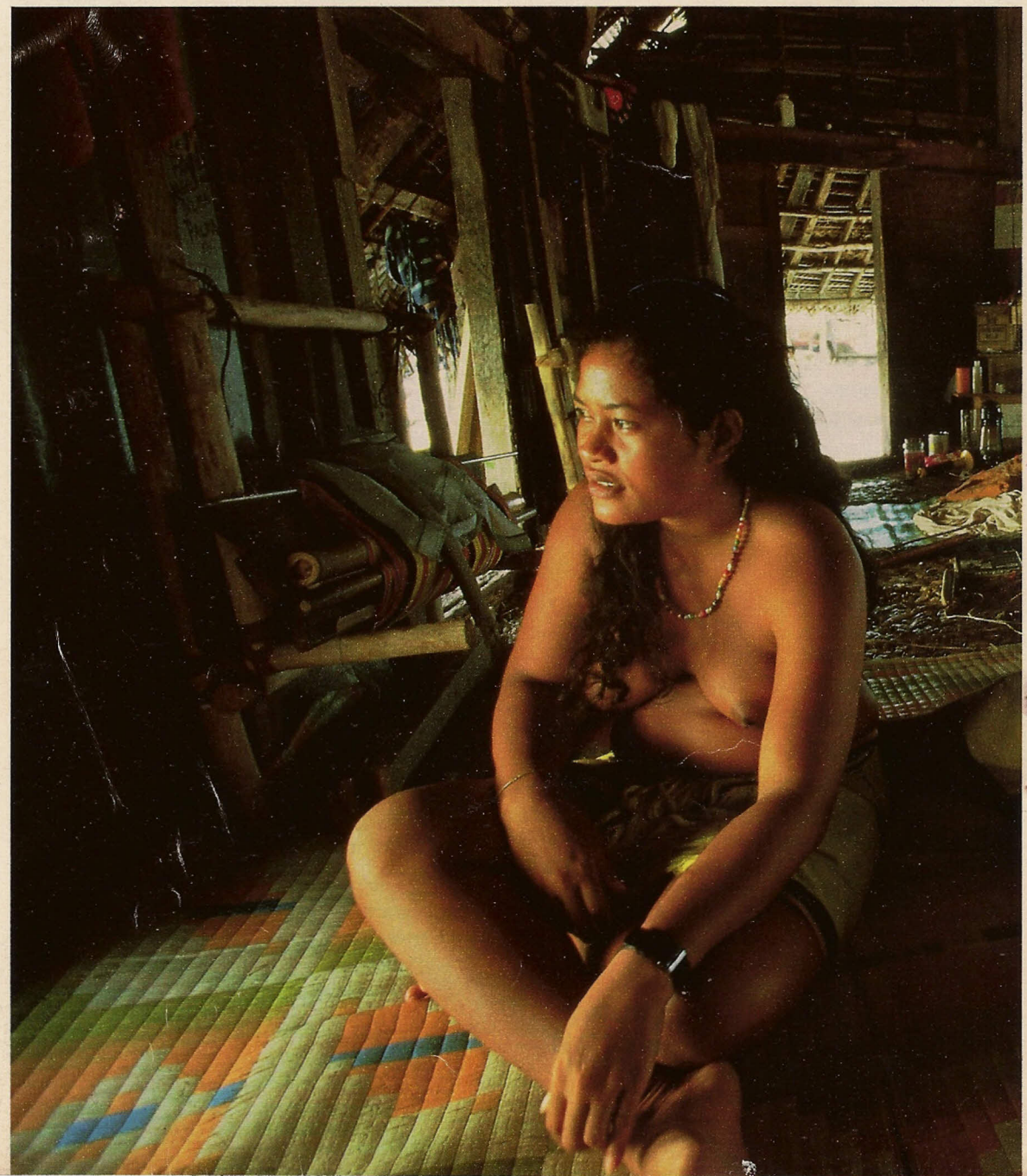
Micronesia, still cling to their own island dress and abide by old-time taboos that separate villages by caste, with the upper, or "pure," caste expecting menial labor from the lower, "polluted" caste.

Except in the most educated families, women of both castes are regarded as below men, and many live today much as their ancestors did. But change is coming. An American-style high school enrolls both boys and girls, and bright students often have a chance for higher education, regardless of their village background. There is even a troop of Girl Scouts on Yap.

Ruled by custom, *women of Mogmog, an island in Ulithi Atoll, while away the day in the* ipul, *or women's house, where they must remain during their menstrual period. Most women enjoy this break from their normal labors and spend the time happily talking or weaving on looms, at left and upper right.*

The onset of puberty once called forth a far-reaching set of taboos throughout the islands of Yap. Today only the most remote still require a young girl, at the first sign of her first period, to head immediately for the women's house. As she approaches, the women within begin to chant loud enough for the village to hear: "The menstruating one, ho-o-o!" This triggers hours of erotic dances by both the women in the house and the men of the village. Living in the women's house, the girl may not cook food for the men or eat with others for eight days; after another six days she may leave, but then only to live apart in her own hut.

*As these taboos disappear, so too do bamboo and thatch building materials give way to more typhoon-resistant concrete walls. These men (**right**) raise such a wall for a new house on Mogmog.*



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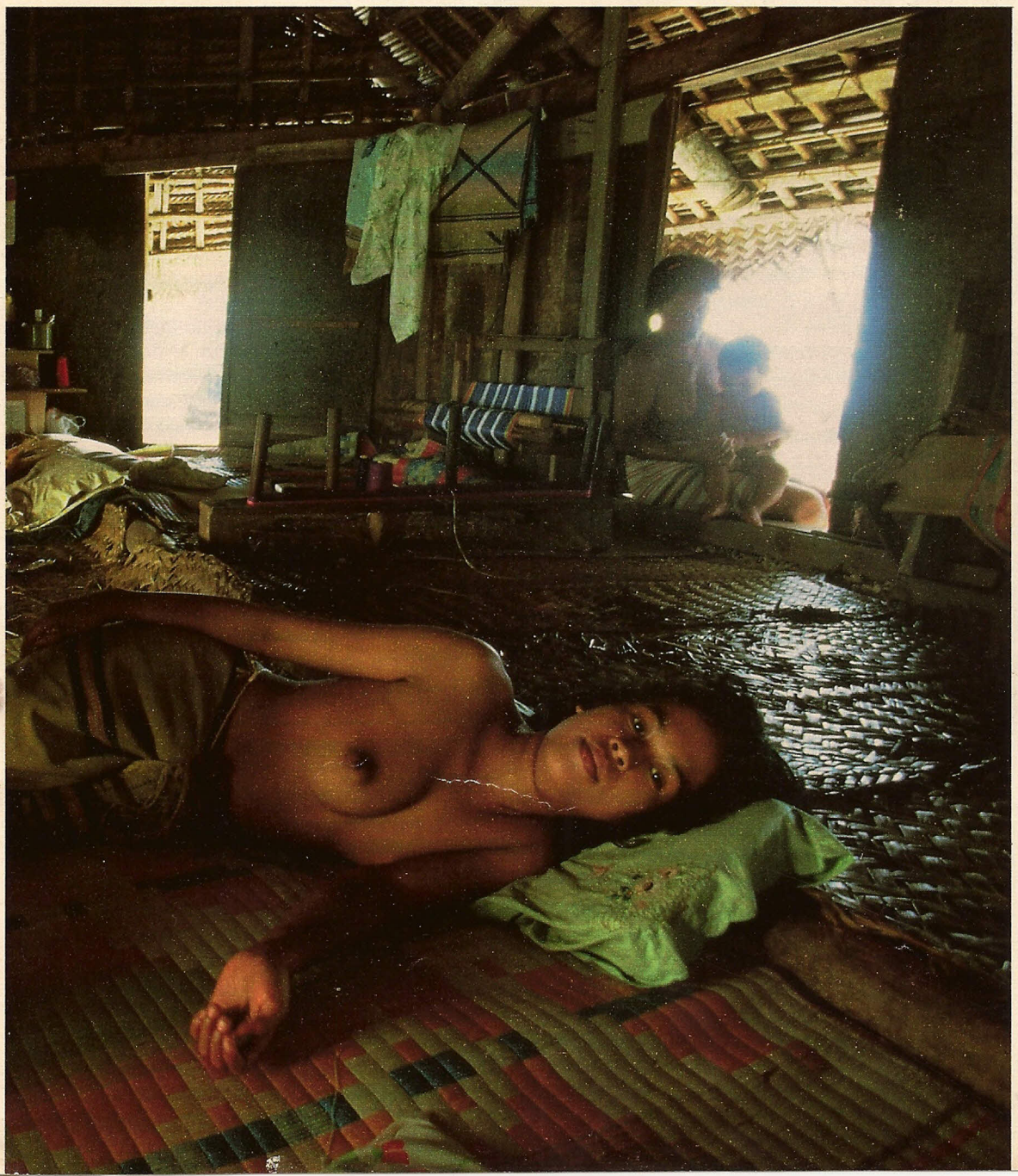


(Continued from page 487) bar stocks Ziploc bags of pepper leaves and lime for enhancing the pleasure of betel-nut chewing.

Governor Mangefel, his mouth blood red and bulging with betel nut, wore informal attire: thongs, shorts belted below a bulging tummy, and sport shirt barely closed with a single button.

His appearance deceives. The first college graduate from Yap, with a major in English literature from the University of Hawaii, John Mangefel is a writer of wit and learning; he also has winning charm.

Yap is famous for its money, big stone disks first cut and brought from Palau centuries ago and intermittently transported since. I saw hundreds, in all sizes, lining garden paths, adorning home platforms, and congregated in the yards of lofty meetinghouses. Yap has more than 6,000 pieces of this traditional stone money, whose histories and owners are known and whose value is calculated by the difficulty of the trip and the cost in human life to bring the disks across the sea from Palau by sailing canoes.

Yap is also known for its caste system, possibly the greatest wall still separating it from the modern world. In times past, high-caste villages, with chiefs, nobles, and commoners regarded as "pure," were expected to take care of the low-caste villages, whose servants and serfs were considered "polluted." In exchange, the low-caste villages provided goods and services, usually menial. In both castes women were in a class below and apart, not even expected to eat from the same taro patch as men.

While this feudal system is eroding, some caste distinctions remain, with gratuitous services still demanded of the lower caste.

I heard the story of a high-caste, college-educated government official whose mother had an old man of low caste working in her yard, even though blind. "Why," he asked his mother, "do you keep this poor old man struggling to serve you?"

"Because it's God's will!" she cried.

When I talked to Henry Worswick, principal of the 400-student high school on Yap, I learned that he has seen "tremendous social change" since starting in education 20 years ago. Yet: "I find the situation alarming," he said, "when people are denied educational and job opportunities, promotions, prestige—all because of being low caste."

Governor Mangefel is a conservative and wants to preserve what he considers the best of Yap's cultural heritage: respect for elders, the extended family, and reliance on private initiative rather than government subsidy.

On my last night in Yap I went with New Yorker Becky Hynicka, of the Girl Scouts of

DAVID HISER

Bidding for importance, *the small state of Melekeok in Palau lobbies to become capital of the republic. Here Governor Thomas Tellei, left, and Andrei Demei, speaker of the state legislature, show off a model of their plan for a 250-million-dollar city, with a capitol, hotels, hospital, schools, airport, and roads. The road they stand on stretches only 2.7 miles, its entire length marked by a double yellow line to prohibit passing, despite the fact that almost all traffic is on foot or motorbike.*

the U.S.A., to the community center at Colonia, the capital, to witness the investiture of Girl Scout Troop No. 34. The governor came in his usual dress, with a betel-nut bulge in his cheek, and sat on the floor until the moment called upon to assist in pinning his daughter, Geneivie, one of the new Girl Scouts. Just before the ceremony, the girls sang "Paddle, Paddle Your Own Canoe."

It was all something of a wall-jumping experience: that these little girls, growing up female in a society still rooted in feudalism, could each yet aspire to paddle her own canoe. I was touched.

THE WESTERNMOST among the emerging nations of the Pacific, the Republic of Palau (or Belau), population more than 15,000, is divided into 16 separate states, each with its own governor, lieutenant governor, and legislature. Most state populations are very small, and one wonders if anyone has time for anything but government, American style and democratic though it may be.

An example is Peleliu, the tragic island where more than 13,000 Americans and Japanese died during less than three months of fighting, often hand to hand, in the autumn of 1944. Pat and I went to Peleliu from Koror, the republic's capital, by speedboat, a wave-tossing, rear-slapping 45 minutes, and arrived to discover it was the state's election day, with five candidates running for governor. Although Peleliu claims a population of 2,000 people, only 400 actually live there. More registered voters live in Koror than on their home island, and 800 send votes from Guam. The situation is similar in Palau's other states.

A current joke puts a laugh in the truth. A man walks into a bar in Koror and calls out, "Hey, Governor!" And half the men in the place stand up.

But that's only the state story. The national government is headed by President Lazarus Salii, followed by a vice president, a cabinet responsible for five ministries, a judiciary, and a legislature with a 16-member house and a 14-member senate.

Then there's the hereditary leadership. Each village has ten chiefs, ranked in importance. And, dividing the island group, there are two paramount chiefs. Never, I thought, have so few been so governed by so many.

With all these people on government salaries, it is not surprising that at least half the paychecks stem from the government. But I did find two people independently swimming against the tide.

Masahuru "Max" Moros of Koror, about 50 years old, gave up a government job in the marine resources department to go it alone as a fisherman and farmer. On his small plot he raises Chinese cabbage, sweet potatoes, cassava, bananas, papayas, coconuts, three varieties of limes, and betel palms, saving the three dollars a day needed to supply his wife with betel nut. For protein and extra cash, he goes fishing or crabbing.

"Since I stay home," he told me, "I make four times as much money as working for the government. The other night I trapped 35 coconut crabs and sold 20 to make $180.

"Palau imports as much as 75 percent of its food today," he lamented. "But the people could grow or catch everything they need, just like they once did." He failed to mention that beer is Palau's second leading import, after fuel oil, and that its dollar value is twice that of all the country's exports.

Harson Shiro, a young man who went to school in Michigan and Texas, returned to his native state of Ngaraard, determined to help young people find meaningful work—and dignity—at home. He was building a hotel virtually single-handedly.

We went on another tooth-jarring boat ride to see how he was coming along. On a sandy strand shaded by magnificent old trees stood Harson's first unit, a single room under a thatched roof, decorated with staghorn corals and carved storyboards, equipped with a pool table, and set up to serve drinks and food. Nearby, thatched roofs already covered sites for six guest cottages, and planking lay stacked for walls.

"Before cutting a tree for the planking," Harson told me, "we dance beneath it to pay respect for the life of the tree and the lives of the people who have passed beneath it." He and his young assistants plant ten trees to replace each one cut.

Harson's big push was for money to pour concrete floors in the cottages. "Tourism," he said, "is the hope of our future."

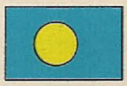
In Koror, President Salii agreed. He invited us to a picnic *(Continued on page 498)*

Budweiser

REPUBLIC OF

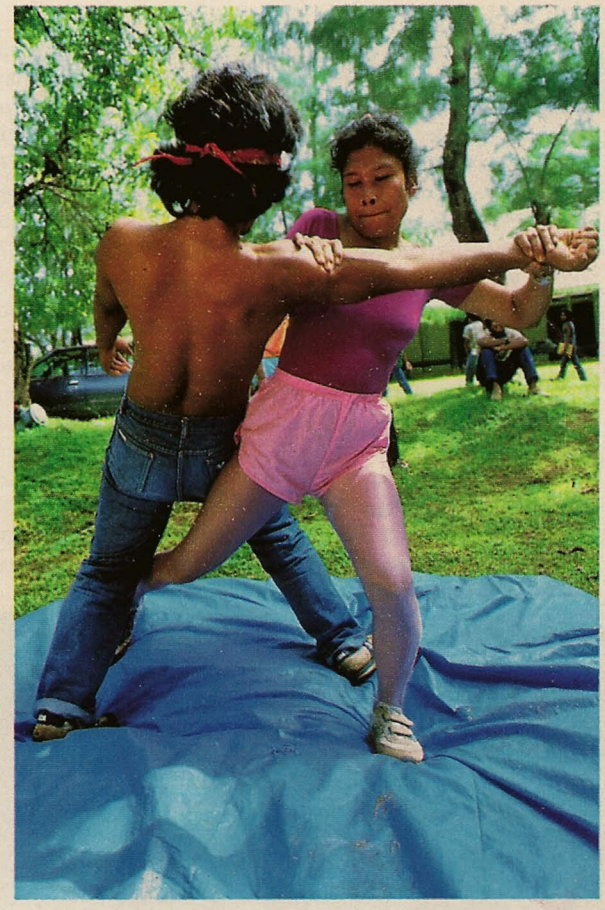
PALAU

*Second only to fuel oil in import value, beer comes by the containerful to Palau (**left**). Of more lasting value, the*



*Micronesian Occupational College in Koror, capital of the Republic of Palau, offers practical courses in a part of the world where technical skills are limited, and the arrival of an electrician on an island is welcome news. Young men and women taking the police-science course break tradition by training together. Virginia Ikeye (**right**) practices defense against an assault.*

*Putting his talents to work while serving time in the Koror jail, a prisoner carves a Palauan legend in wood to earn income (**below**). The concept of storyboards was introduced by a Japanese artist during Japan's occupation of Palau and adapted by the islanders to record their traditions.*



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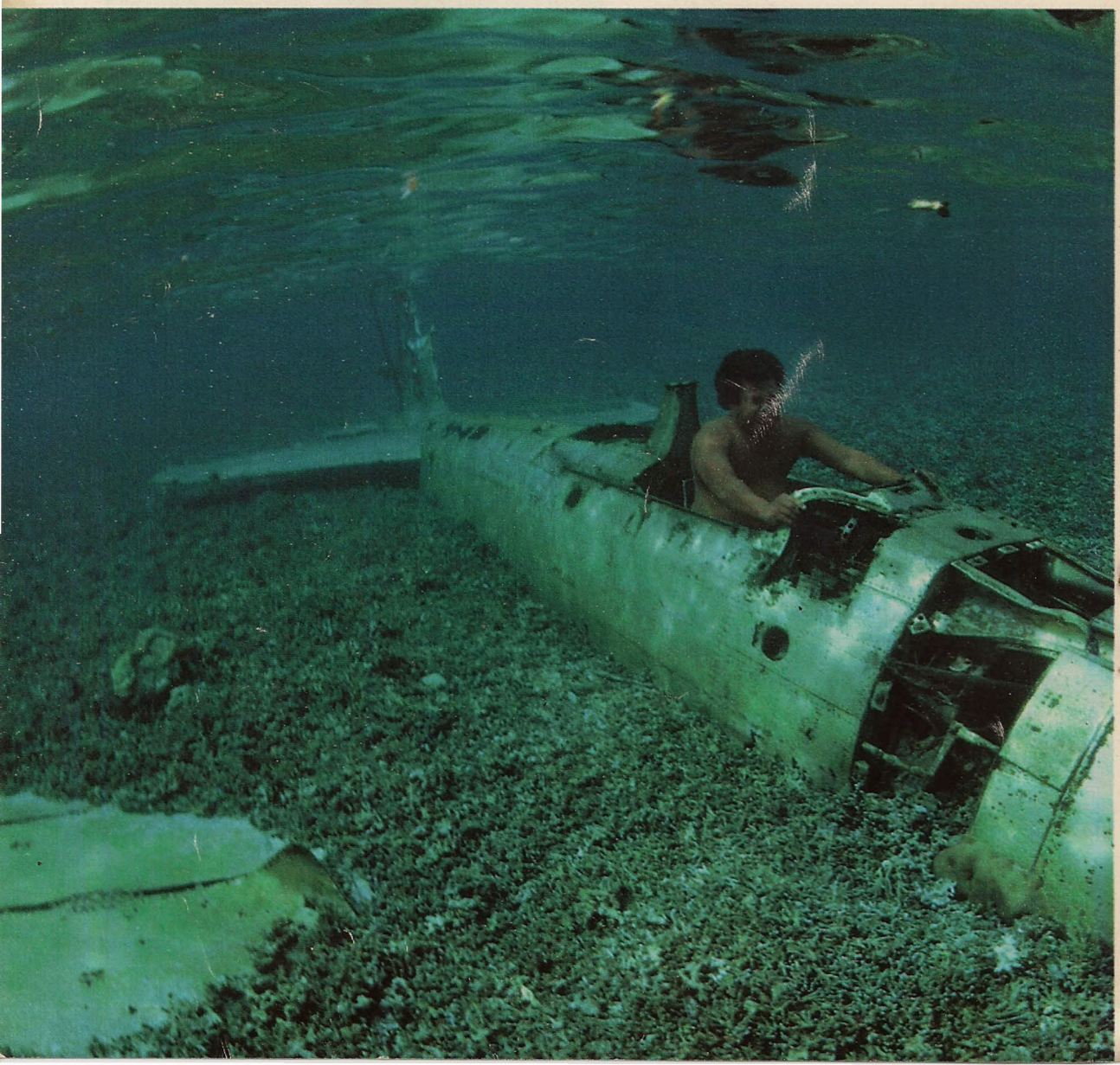
Geography added to the carnage *in the battle for Peleliu, one of the bloodiest in the Pacific in World War II, costing more than 13,000 Japanese and American lives. From the air, island heights looked like rolling hills, but, bared of foliage by shelling and flamethrowers, they showed up as a horror for attacking Americans—jagged coral in bizarre shapes pocked with caves that the Japanese had fortified (**right**). Now Peleliu is dotted with memorials (**lower right**) to men of both sides, and many survivors return for visits that give the island a steady income. A downed Japanese Zero (**below**), near Koror, lies in waters shallow enough for visitors to drop into the cockpit.*

Another important source of Peleliu income is illegal: the growing of marijuana, usually in 50-gallon oil drums. During one raid in 1983 police identified 16 fields from the air. On the ground, they counted 216 plants in one plot alone. "They were laid out in perfect rows," recalls police officer Bill Stinnett, the leader of the raid. Recently it was estimated that authorities on Peleliu in one raid seized marijuana worth several times the entire annual budget of the state—$120,000.

Government is a third source of island income. When the author visited Peleliu on election day last year, she learned that although only 400 Peleliuans live on the island, five candidates were running for governor, with an undetermined number standing for lieutenant governor and the state legislature—a situation similar to that in Palau's other 15 states. "The most overgoverned place on earth," says Fred Radewagen, publisher of the Washington Pacific Report *and a longtime observer of Micronesia.*



ALL BY DAVID HISER

(Continued from page 493) one Sunday, showing us, himself, the incredible beauty of his realm. In white shorts and shirt, devil-may-care at the wheel of his own speedboat, President Salii took us darting among the myriad Rock Islands, onetime coral reefs that through time have been lifted above the sea, carved by wave action, and dressed in tropical foliage (pages 462-3).

"There are a thousand private beaches here, just a quick boat ride from our hotels," he said with a smile that transformed his face. "And a million wonders in the water."

Snorkeling, I saw live soft coral waving in a rainbow of hues and tropical fish in a fantasy of sizes, shapes, colors, and markings, representing at least 1,500 types. We paddled over giant clams, some four and a half feet in diameter and weighing 200 pounds, believed to be more than 60 years old. We marveled that these beautiful creatures grow so huge, thanks to symbiosis with tiny but abundant one-celled algae. This natural food production encourages several Micronesian islands to farm the clams for human consumption.

President Salii may be fun-loving on his day off, but he takes his job seriously. After Palau's first president, Haruo Remeliik, was assassinated in June 1985, Salii ran for president, promising to resolve the impasse with the United States that had prevented the negotiation of a compact.

The problem? The Palauans had voted for a constitution that banned nuclear devices. Salii then initialed a compact agreement with the U. S. allowing American ships and planes of all types to operate in Palau. A court ruling held the compact illegal without a 75 percent referendum vote, a constitutional stipulation.

Salii dissented, arguing for a more flexible interpretation of the constitution: "It does not say we cannot allow nuclear-powered ships if they are *in transit*." If an appeal fails, he could ask his countrymen to give him the 75 percent endorsement at the polls. Difficult? Maybe. But the agreement won a 72 percent referendum last February.

The Palau compact also allows the American military the option of using the nation's big island of Babelthuap for bases if the U. S. should lose those in the Philippines.

At the end I returned to Saipan and sought out Governor Pedro P. Tenorio of the new Northern Marianas commonwealth. We lunched together looking out on the gardens of a luxury hotel filled with Japanese honeymooners, as are most hotels in Saipan. Japanese money had built the hotels with foreign labor, because the labor force on Saipan, as elsewhere throughout Micronesia, is meager and largely untrained.

"The Japanese didn't treat us badly before World War II," said Governor "Pete" Tenorio. "Their policy, I believe, was to keep us native Chamorros out of harm's way. Before the Americans invaded Saipan in 1944, the Japanese had us move from our home on the coast to our farm in the hills. We kids never knew about the suicides until later."

DAVID HISER

At gift-giving time *at Xavier High School on Truk, Santa Claus, wearing a traditional* thu, *hands out gaily wrapped practical gifts such as corned beef, toothpaste, and soft drinks. This school, offering a liberal-arts education to some of the best young minds in Micronesia, and the Pohnpei Agriculture and Trade School are run by Jesuits. Both are sorely needed in the Pacific's emerging nations.*

Believing surrender dishonorable and fearing that victorious Americans would kill, torture, and rape, hundreds of Japanese settlers and soldiers leapt to their death from cliffs now known as Banzai and Suicide.

I had stood atop Banzai Cliff, rising sheer from the foaming sea, and, in my mind's eye, saw the horror. Whole families came to jump, the children lined up by age with the youngest at cliff's edge. On command, each child pushed off the one in front, until the father pushed the mother and he turned and jumped with his back to the sea, so as not to lose his nerve. And all the while, Americans in small boats offshore broadcast pleas in Japanese for them not to jump and attempted to save those who survived.

The governor grew up to go to high school and college on Guam, working his way. He started his business career on Saipan with a single gas pump that led to a rental agency for jukeboxes and electronic games, then slot machines, and now poker machines, a popular hotel entertainment.

But politics is Governor Tenorio's deepest interest, as I observed firsthand during his run for a second term as governor. The campaign was a corker, with public debates turned wild with accusations, massive rallies fueled by free beer and food, newspaper crusades, and illustrated posters nailed to every tree and post. The political tempest was brewed in the teapot of a mere 7,000 voters, 90 percent on Saipan, virtually all the rest on the islands of Rota and Tinian.

AS AMERICAN as the election was, however, Janet McCoy, the High Commissioner of the Trust Territory of the Pacific, sees the islanders as little changed by the U. S. presence in fundamental values and sense of identity. "Of course, I've seen the improvements brought by our country," she told me, listing airplane runways and COMSAT stations in each capital, maternal and child health-care programs, Head Start classes, and many college-educated young people. "But what I see most is a group of people who, down the centuries, through occupation by four totally different governments—Spanish, German, Japanese, and American—have managed to retain their own culture. They have remained true to their own beliefs and ways of life, have never truly been assimilated, and are now, at last, free to govern themselves, to make their own decisions, to handle their own affairs.

"The best thing we may have done is to help educate and train exceptional island leaders," she said. "In the four and a half years I have been here, I've seen them grow and mature, at home and at the UN."

Lazarus Salii too had spoken of these leaders. They had all once served together in the territory-wide Congress of Micronesia—FSM President Nakayama and Bethwel Henry, Speaker of the FSM Congress; Governor Resio S. Moses of Pohnpei, Governor Mangefel of Yap, Governor Tenorio of the Northern Marianas, President Kabua of the Marshalls, and President Salii himself. The Congress of Micronesia had limited power, subject to veto by the U. S. high commissioner but with an advise-and-consent voice in appointments. It was their training ground—and they had all been together.

"There was a time when many of us hoped," said Salii, "that we could have a United States of Micronesia—one nation. But it was not to be. . . ."

I remember my last meeting in the Federated States with Tosiwo Nakayama, Bethwel Henry, and Resio Moses. I had invited them and their wives to lunch at The Village on Pohnpei, and we were served delicious fresh crab and breadfruit salad in the big, breeze-swept dining room. As we lingered over glasses of white wine, a tropical storm blew up, and in the fury of wind and rain we seemed to draw closer to one another.

Once I had mentioned to President Nakayama that I had heard the American administration of the trust territory described as the "scandal of the Pacific." And he had been quick to respond. "Not so. We owe everything to the United States. You gave us our freedom, the right to speak our minds. And education."

Now he spoke again of the United States and the difficulty of having a brother so big, so powerful, so flaunting with nuclear power. But it was of a family that he spoke; people in the islands understand about families.

As for me, I felt I had been witness at a birth in that family. The birth of nations that are forever bound by memory of the days they were one, in trust. □